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Lillie Pozer

'Inasmuch as Ye did it.'

The matron of a city hospital was sorely troubled. She had recently lost by death two of her best and oldest nurses. There had been committees of inquiry, and she had been blamed for putting her best nurses to her worst cases. What could she do? Now there lay before her a wire from a suburban doctor informing her that a malignant and hopeless diphtheria patient was on her way to the hospital, as she could not be nursed in the dairy farm where she was in service, a panic having seized the household.

'What am I to do?' said the matron to herself, and in the midst of her trouble she

laid her head on her hands, and prayed, and wept. 'Must I sacrifice another nurse?' she said to herself. 'Oh! that I could take the case myself!' But she knew that could not be.

A bright young nurse came into the room with a message, and caught sight of the telegraph envelope and the matron's tears. She was a sweet girl, and the matron had confided in her many a time, so she begged the matron to tell her this new trouble, and when she had heard it, 'Oh,' she said, 'do let me take this case; it is just what I have been wishing for, if you can trust me.'

'My child,' she said, 'you have to be isolated, and take the whole charge, night and day, just resting a little as you can, but speaking to no one and being alone with her; and I need not tell you that the risk will be great.'

'Oh,' said the bright young lassie, 'I'm not afraid to die, for I belong to Christ, and for me to die would be gain; and you know there is no one on earth who would miss me, "My company before are gone."'

'Don't say that,' said the matron, embracing her, 'I for one would sorely miss you; but, go and get ready, and your God and mine will certainly preserve and keep you.'

The nurse went and made her arrangements, and ere the girl arrived all was ready in the isolated ward.

It was indeed a bad case, a hopeless case, but all that could now be done was done for the poor farm servant-girl, and all through the weary days and restless nights the nurse kept by her, cheering and brightening her with hope.

At first the girl wondered to find a lady at her bedside, watching by her, and serving her. She tried to call her 'Ma'm' and 'Miss,' but the nurse said, laughing, 'Just call me "Nursie" and ask me for anything; I am here to serve and help you.'

It seemed like a dream to the poor girl, for at the farm-house they had been frightened, and had put her out in a loft to die, and when the doctor spoke of the hospital she thought that must be still more terrible.

As the days and nights passed away and the girl gained confidence in her nurse, she turned to her in her deepest need, and unbosomed to her the great sorrow of her heart.

'Nursie,' she said, 'I've been a bad lassie, and I'm afraid to die.'

Gladly the nurse read to her the stories of the Saviour's grace and tenderness towards sinners who sought him, or whom he sought out, until the poor girl lost sight of her own sinfulness in wonder at such love, and her hopes were getting turned towards the only one who could help her.

One night she said, 'Nursie, I wish I could find Jesus. I would lie down at his feet, and I think he would say to me, "Thy sins which are many are all forgiven thee," but he seems so far away.'

'Oh, no,' said the nurse, 'he is a God at hand as well as a God afar off; I shall tell him all about you, and what you want,' and the bright young nurse knelt down and poured out her heart in prayer, and asked Jesus to wash her patient's sins away by his precious blood, and to come and take possession of her heart, and to give her faith in himself, that she might trust him as her own Saviour.

The dying girl took courage, and told the Lord her wish, and then putting her arms about the neck of her nurse, she wept; but they were tears of relief, and almost of joy, as she felt that Christ was now her Saviour too.

The following days and nights were spent in Beulah Land. The nurse accompanied her patient to the very gates of Paradise, and when about to leave this world, the girl told her that there was no one on earth except her to care for her. 'Oh,' said the nurse, 'then you are just like me; but we have one Friend in heaven on whose heart we lie as precious jewels, and we shall soon meet in his delightful home.'

The patient fell asleep in Jesus, and the nurse went herself to find her grave in the near-by churchyard; and when she came back to the hospital she brought lovely white chrysanthemums, which she laid around the sweet face which no one came to see. When the hearse carried the body to the churchyard, one carriage only followed, with the young nurse as the solitary mourner, and there she left the precious dust of the one to whom she had been such a blessing, to await the glorious resurrection morning.—'Springing Well.'

She Grew up to be a Real Helper.

For two years now Phoebe has been the matron of the Girls' Orphanage in Almora. She sees that all the children under her care keep their rooms clean and tidy, and she also superintends the cooking of their food. Every day the girls take it in turns, three or four at a time, to prepare the meals of all the large family in the orphanage. They fetch the water, and make the bread, and sift and clean the rice and pulse and the flour ready for use, all themselves. And on Saturdays they go to a rocky stream and

wash their clothes and bathe. Sometimes the matron goes with them, and sometimes sends someone else in her place. But she is kept specially busy making the clothes of the little ones. The elder girls learn how to sew and make their own clothes under her supervision. When it is fine in the afternoons, after the lessons have been learned, and the sewing for the day finished, she takes all the children out for a walk. How happy they are then! Some of them take a needle and thread with them to make necklaces of the beautiful red hips and haws they find on the bushes. And some of them take a share in carrying the babies, who get tired very soon. And sometimes they weave reeds into a tiny mat. But there are always a number clustered round 'Bua,' (i.e., sister), as they call her, for they love her very much, and like being near her. 'Bua' has gained the love and respect of them all, and the troublesome ones will obey 'Bua' when they would obey no one else, so good an influence has she over them. And no wonder they love her, for when they are ill she nurses them as tenderly as any mother would, and speaks cheering words to them, so that they are encouraged. I expect she remembers the love and care which was lavished on her when she was a helpless child, who had to be separated from the

watchful care of her mother, and in gratitude for that love she tries to do the same for other little girls, who like her have been separated from their parents. There are now under her charge over sixty children, some orphans, and some like herself, the children of lepers. She has been, like her namesake, Phoebe of Cencherea, 'a succorer of many.'

Come to Church, Papa.

'Won't you please come to church with me this morning, papa?'

It was a sweet, childish voice that asked this question of the father, who sat in the large easy chair almost enveloped in the voluminous pages of a Sunday newspaper. He looked up into the bright, earnest face of his little daughter, but made no reply.

'Flossie's papa always goes with her, and it must be so nice to sit right up next to a papa in church! Do, please, papa dear, just this once?'

The little daughter wound her arms around his neck and kissed him.

'That kiss settles the matter, my pet, I will go with you.'

What a beaming face the little girl had as she walked to church that Sunday morning, with her small white hand lovingly clasped in papa's large one. Mamma, too, was happy as she walked at her husband's side. With what a triumphant look the child walked down the aisle with papa, and then seated herself beside him as he took his place at the head of the pew. It was a long time since the head of the family had been to church. He paid for a pew, gave his wife money for the offering to the Lord's work, was very particular to see that his little daughter had pennies for Sunday-school, and that no trivial excuse kept her away from its influences. But the worshipping in the house of the Lord was left to his wife and daughter; he did not seem to think it necessary to honor the Lord with his presence. It seemed a strange coincidence that his mother's hymn was the first one the minister gave out, 'Oh, for a closer walk with God.' There is nothing at times that takes hold of our hearts like the hymns that mother sang, especially if her voice has long ceased to be heard in her earthly home. How well it brought to that son's mind the old church in the country town where he used to live; the pew in the middle aisle where the dear mother passed in first and took her place in the corner, the line of children that followed, and the father who stood at the pew door and marshalled his family in with solemnity and dignity, and then took his place at the head of the pew. As the hymn went on he almost imagined he could hear his mother's voice again, as if she had left the heavenly choir for a short time to meet her child once more with the old hymn in the earthly house of the Lord.

And more and more as the service went on was it borne in upon his soul how far he had journeyed from the faith in Christ which the dear consecrated father and mother had taught him. His mother had walked very close to God the son knew, and yet she was daily singing that hymn, which showed that she longed for even a closer walk with him.

He had forgotten all this in the strife for 'the gold that perisheth,' and the mother's teachings about the things that are unseen and eternal had been laid aside for those that are seen and temporal. His little child's hand had led him back that Sunday morning to the holy influences of his boyhood days.

'Didn't you think it was nice in church this morning, papa?' said the little daughter as they walked home together hand in hand.

'Yes, darling, I did, and it made you so happy and did me so much good, that I think you can count on your papa as an escort after this.'

'Oh, papa, I'm just as happy as I can be. I must tell Flossie. She knows how lonesome I used to feel when I sat in the pew without my papa, and saw her cuddled right up to hers.'—'American Messenger.'

The Call Obeyed.

Not long ago a workingman received a letter from his master, saying: 'Come to me in my office to-morrow at six o'clock. I wish to speak to you.'

Thomas D—— was rather puzzled as to this especial call; he was not aware of any omission of duty on his part, but being rather of a morbid temperament, he could not keep his thoughts from continually recurring to the unexpected summons he had received, and fearing he was going to be discharged.

As soon as the working-hours were over he hastened home, dressed in his best and with the letter in his hand presented himself at the office door. His timid knock was followed by the order to come in. Mr. B—— was seated at his writing-desk, evidently very much engaged. He took no notice whatever of Thomas D——'s entrance, but continued looking over papers and writing busily. At last he looked up, apparently accidentally, and said, 'What do you want, my man?' as if in a hurry for a reply.

Thomas D—— looked down and up, and then said uncertainly, 'You told me to call, sir; here is the letter.'

'Oh,' said Mr. B——, 'then you thought you ought to come because I wrote to tell you to do so?'

'Yes, sir, please sir,' said the poor man, bewildered.

'You did right,' said his master; 'and now listen to me. I sent for you for a purpose. You think my letter sufficient warrant for you to come to my office; you have no doubt I wrote it; you take me at my word. Why not do the same with your Master in heaven? You have his word for it: "Come unto me, and I will give you rest." "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." You know it is his command to you; you do not doubt it; yet you will not take him at his word. For long you have delayed to settle this momentous question. As he has said, "Ye will not come to me, that ye may have life."

'Delay no longer. Is my written word more to be obeyed and trusted than the written word of your God? Shame on you, Thomas D——!'

The man left his master's presence ashamed and convicted. He went home. This last of many attempts on Mr. B——'s part was blessed to him. He took God at his word; he came to him and found it all true. He never regretted this step, but often after thanked his master for his faithful yet strange summons that day.

May you do likewise; you now hear the call, 'Come unto me.'

Obey and you will never regret it, but will rejoice throughout eternity.

'Come unto me ye weary,
And I will give you rest,'
Oh, blessed voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts oppressed!
It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love which cannot cease.'

—'American Messenger.'

A Temperance Resolution.

THE COLLEGE PRESIDENT, DR. MARSH, TO HIS PASTOR, REV. HENRY MAXWELL, ON THE EVE OF AN ELECTION.

(From 'In His Steps,' by Chas. M. Sheldon.)

'The call has come to me so plainly that I cannot escape: "Donald Marsh, follow me. Do your duty as a citizen of Raymond at the point where your citizenship will cost you something. Help to cleanse this great municipal stable, even if you do have to soil your aristocratic feelings a little.' Maxwell, this is my cross, I must take it up or deny my Lord.'

'You have spoken for me also,' replied Maxwell, with a sad smile. With you I have been unable to shake off my responsibility. The answer to the question, "What would Jesus do?" in this case leaves me no peace except when I say, "Jesus would have me act the part of a Christian citizen." Marsh, as you say, we professional men, ministers, professors, artists, literary men, scholars, have almost invariably been political cowards. We have avoided the sacred duties of citizenship, either ignorantly or selfishly. Certainly Jesus, in our age, would not do that. We can do no less than take up this cross and follow him.'

These two men walked on in silence for a while. Finally, President Marsh said: 'We do not need to act alone in this matter. With all the men who have made the promise to do as Jesus would we certainly can have companionship and strength, even of numbers. Let us organize the Christian forces of Raymond for the battle against rum and corruption. We certainly ought to enter the primaries with a force that will be able to do more than utter a protest. It is a fact that the saloon element is cowardly and easily frightened, in spite of its lawlessness and corruption. Let us plan a campaign that will mean something, because it is organized righteousness. Jesus would use great wisdom in this matter. He would employ means. He would make large plans. Let us do so. If we bear this cross, let us do it bravely, like men.'

The 'Evening News,' in its Saturday edition, gave a full account of the primaries, and in the editorial column Edward Norman spoke with directness and conviction that the Christian people of Raymond were learning to respect deeply, because it was so evidently sincere and unselfish. The closing paragraph of the editorial ran thus:

'The 'News' is positively and without restriction, on the side of the new movement. We shall henceforth do all in our power to drive out the saloon and destroy its political strength. We shall advocate the election of men nominated by the majority of the citizens in the first primary, and we call upon all Christians, church members, and lovers of right, purity, temperance and home, to stand by President Marsh and the rest of the citizens, who have thus begun a long-needed reform in our city.'

President Marsh read this editorial and thanked God for Edward Norman and the 'News.' At the same time he understood well enough that every other paper in Raymond was on the other side. He did not misunderstand the importance and seriousness of the fight which was only just begun. It was no secret that the 'News' had lost enormously since it had been governed by the standard of, "What would Jesus do?' The question now was, 'Would the Christian people of Raymond stand by it?' would they make it possible for Norman to conduct a daily Christian paper? Or would their desire for what is called 'news,' in the way of crime, scandal, political partisanship of the regular sort, and a dislike to champion so remarkable a reform in journalism, influence them to drop the paper and refuse to give it their financial support? That was, in fact, the question Edward Norman was asking, even while he wrote the Saturday editorial. He knew well enough that his action expressed in that editorial would cost him very dearly from the hands of many business men of Raymond. And still, as he drove his pen over the paper, he asked another question, 'What would Jesus do?' That question had become a part of his whole life now. It was greater than any other.

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Flag Station.

A CANADIAN STORY.

(Emily P. Weaver, in 'Sunday at Home.')

It was a wild March morning, cold and windy, as March mornings often are in Canada. Great white drifts were piled up all round the little farm-house, and it looked drearier inside than out. Only the day before, all the furniture had been sold by auction, but half the things were already taken away.

Everything was in confusion. The kitchen was the only room that had a fire in it, and even that did not look cosy. In one corner was a collection of pots and pans, in another some old harness, and in a third a heap of rugs and pillows that had done duty for a bed. Table and chairs had gone, and the remains of a meal stood on a packing-case.

JOHN SEIZED THE RED FLAG AND WAVED IT MADLY.

In the midst of the muddle was a small wooden trunk, and on it, close together, sat two children. The elder, a little girl, dressed in a black hood and frock, looked sad and rather frightened; but her brother, whose brown overcoat had a black band on the left sleeve, gazed about him with eager curiosity.

A motherly-looking woman was busy packing slices of bread and ham into a little basket, but often stopped to nod and smile at the children.

'Now, dears,' she said at last, 'we're quite ready; let Josh come as soon as he likes. Are your feet good and warm? It's a long drive to the station.'

'Mine are,' said John. 'Mrs. Sinclair, were you ever in the cars? Is it as jolly as sleighing?'

'You'll soon see, laddie. Mind you get Winnie to write, and tell me all about it, an' how you like Merton, and whether your Uncle Johnny has any cows and horses.'

'I guess he has. You said he was pretty rich, didn't you?' said John, thoughtfully.

'Yes, I believe so. I guess you'll have a high old time with him, and some day you'll come back to see Josh and me and the old farm.'

'I wish we hadn't to go,' said Winnie, with a sigh. 'I'm so afraid Uncle John may not like us.'

'I wish you hadn't. Josh and me would have given anything to keep you here, but it wouldn't have been right, dear. You see, we have our own six to think of, and your mother said when she was dying that we must write to John Shaw and ask him to look after you. We had to do what she said, darling.'

'Yes,' assented Winnie, sadly. 'We'll try to be good, won't we, John?'

'Of course,' said John, 'and it's fine going to Merton by the cars. Do you know, Mis' Sinclair, I've wanted to ride in the cars ever since I was little,' and he put his hand down to within a foot of the floor.

'Yes, that's right, my man. You're a lucky boy, ain't you?'

But she put her hand to her eyes to rub away a tear, for within a month the children had lost both parents by typhoid fever, and everything had been sold to pay their father's debts. The children were quite unprovided for, but Mrs. Sinclair had written to Mrs. Golding's brother, asking him to take charge of them. In reply he had sent two lines, saying that he had changed his address, that the children might be sent to him at Merton, but that he thought that his brother-in-law had behaved very badly not to provide for them. This, at least, was what Mrs. Sinclair made out, after an hour's study of his scrawly note, and in her opinion, it boded ill for the happiness of the poor children. However, she did her utmost to hide from them her uneasiness about their future.

'Listen,' she said, after a brief silence. 'I hear the bells. Josh is coming, I'm sure. Run and look, John.'

'Yes, he's there. He's driving Tim; isn't it fun?' cried John, dancing excitedly on one leg. But Winnie flung herself into Mrs. Sinclair's arms and burst into tears.

'There, there, dear,' she said, soothingly. 'Be a little woman and don't cry. Remember, Winnie, there's only you to take care of John now.'

'But I feel so lonely,' sobbed Winnie.

'Yes, sweet, I know; but listen; God says he'll be a father to you now. What was that your mother said to you the night she died?'

Winnie checked her sobs with a great effort and said, softly, 'Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall to the ground without your Father . . . ; Fear not, therefore; ye are of more value than many sparrows.'

'Well, little one, don't forget that. God knows exactly what he is doing with you, and you may be sure he'll take care of you.'

'Come, Winnie; Tim won't stand, Mr. Sinclair says,' cried John, rushing in and seizing the basket of sandwiches. 'Be sure you don't forget anything, Winnie, and do be quick. Good-bye, Mis' Sinclair.'

Five minutes later, Mrs. Sinclair was at the gate watching Tim galloping down the road at the top of his speed. Winnie looked back and waved her hand, but John was too much excited with the present to have any thoughts for what had been left behind.

'Isn't this fine?' he cried. 'Mr. Sinclair, when I'm a man I'll buy Tim from you if you'll sell him.'

'Oh, I'll sell him quick enough, if you give me my price,' said Josh, with a smile. 'But look, that's the station. Hurry up, old Tim, we've no time to spare.'

He tied Tim to a fence at a safe distance from the line; then shouldering the little trunk led the children into the waiting-room, and set them in chairs by the great, round stove to toast their toes while he bought their tickets.

'Don't you move from here till I come back,' were his last words. 'The train won't be in for five minutes yet.'

Winnie's pale little face was strangely calm now. With a child's simplicity she was resting on the beautiful thought of God's loving care for them, and she no longer felt afraid. But as that slow five minutes went by, John's excitement increased till he could not sit still.

'Oh, Winnie, I'm sure Mr. Sinclair has forgotten us,' he gasped. 'Isn't it time now?'

'No,' said Winnie, putting her arm round his neck. 'It's only three minutes to twelve yet.'

'Winnie, I hear the train. I'm sure I do. We must go and get in. There, it is whistling. Oh, do be quick.'

'No, we must wait,' said Winnie. 'Mr. Sinclair will be sure to come in time.'

John was not by any means sure of it; but just as the big engine went puffing past the waiting-room, Josh pushed open the door, and gathered up all their belongings. John waited no longer, but was rushing frantically towards the train, when Josh took him by the collar.

'Wait a bit, laddie, there is no hurry. You'll get under the wheels if you don't mind.'

It was as much as the little fellow could do to scramble up the high step at the end of the car; but he despised assistance, and long before Winnie and her bundles had been put 'on board' the train, he had established himself by a window in the middle of the long carriage,

He almost forgot to say good-bye to Josh,

and when the hoarse whistle gave the signal for starting, he clapped his hands with delight.

Since the railway had been made to Northville, two years before, it had been the great ambition of John's life 'to have a ride in the cars.'

When the train fairly started, he sat for a long time, gazing about him in silence. At last he murmured, 'Isn't it perfectly lovely, Winnie? Ain't these little seats cute? — just for two.'

'Yes,' said Winnie, in her staid old-fashioned tones. 'They are very comfortable.'

'I should say so. Why, Winnie, these cushions are velvet, I do believe. I wish you could have a dress of the same piece. I don't like that black one.'

'Hush, John, it's for papa and mamma,' she whispered, but the old lady in the next seat heard, and began to feel for her handkerchief.

'Mamma wouldn't have liked it,' said John stoutly, 'but, oh, ain't we flying? Look at the trees, and the telegraph poles! Oh, my, if there isn't a sleigh stuck in a drift! Look, quick, Winnie.' Oh, you're too slow,' for the cars were past it already. 'Oh, what's that?'

The old lady behind laughed this time, for John jumped back from the window with a little shriek as they rattled past another train on a siding.

'Ain't we flying?' cried John again. 'Oh, I can do that too, old train,' he exclaimed, as the engine whistled on approaching a level crossing; and to Winnie's dismay he uttered a long shrill imitation of the sound, which he thought so delightful.

'Hush, hush! you mustn't do that, John,' said Winnie, adding hastily as an apology for him, 'he's never been in a train before.'

'I daresay he's getting hungry,' said a woman on the other side of the long aisle. 'Do you like doughnuts, sonny?'

'I guess so. Do you like sandwiches, ma'am? We've got a whole heap in our basket. Where is it, Winnie?'

Winnie pulled it out from under the seat, and John murmured, 'I'd better hand 'em round, hadn't I, sis? I hope Mis' Sinclair made enough for everyone.'

'I don't know. Perhaps they won't like it,' said Winnie, looking doubtfully at their fellow-passengers.

'Oh, they'll like it,' said John, confidently. 'There, didn't I tell you?' he said. 'There are only two left, for the man at the end took four; but look! the basket is half-full of cake and apples and candy. It's like a regular Sunday-school picnic.'

John thoroughly enjoyed his dinner, and there was very little left in the basket when he had finished.

They had just put it away when the conductor came round to look at the tickets.

'Please, sir, how long will it take us to get to Merton?' asked Winnie timidly.

'We are due there at four o'clock,' said the conductor. 'I only hope the line isn't drifted. I suppose there will be some one to meet you there.'

'I don't know,' said Winnie. 'We are going to live with our uncle, and Mrs. Sinclair wrote to say that we were coming by this train.'

'Oh, then it's sure to be all right. But Merton is only a flag-station, you know.'

'What's a flag-station?' demanded John, always eager for information.

'You'll soon see,' said the conductor. 'I'll have your trunk put off there, missy, shall I?'

Before they reached Merton even John had begun to feel that he had had enough of 'the cars' for one day. His efforts to wile away the time were constantly becoming more trying to his neighbors and more humiliating to his poor little sister. Neither were they altogether satisfactory to himself. In an attempt to escape on to the platform of the car, he trapped his fingers in the door, and when he stood on his head in the aisle, the train gave a sudden lurch sideways, and he fell in a heap against the iron supports of a seat. If it had not been for the black band round his arm, I fear he would have received more than one good scolding.

However, when everybody's patience was getting a little worn out, the engine gave a sudden shriek, and the conductor came to Winnie, saying, 'We're close to Merton, Miss. There is no one else to get out, so you'll have to be quick. I hope you'll see your uncle waiting for you.'

'I'm sure I hope they will,' said the old lady at the back. 'Poor children!'

a white handkerchief from one of the windows, and John shouted 'Good-bye' till he was hoarse.

At length the last car disappeared behind a curve, and John said, with a shiver, 'I wonder if there's a fire in this waiting-room.'

'Let us go and see,' said Winnie. 'I don't suppose we shall have to wait long.'

'This isn't a nice waiting-room,' remarked John, looking around the bare little wooden shed with an air of disgust. 'I wonder if it's a station at all. Perhaps the conductor has made a mistake.'

Older people might have come to the same conclusion for there was no porter, no station-master, and no ticket-office. Indeed, there was nothing to mark it but the tiny platform and a board with Merton painted on it in black letters.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

'Good-bye, ma'am,' said John cheerily. 'We have had a splendid time. Good-bye, everybody!'

'Good-bye,' said their fellow-passengers. Then they stood up to look who had come to meet the children, but there was no one on the platform.

'It don't seem right to put them off in this lonely place by themselves,' said an old farmer.

'The roads hereabout are frightfully drifted,' said another.

'What's to be done?' said the conductor, gruffly. 'Their tickets are for Merton, all right enough.' But when he had lifted the children down into the middle of the siding and had put their trunk on the little platform, and had given the signal to start again, he went to the back of the train to look once more whether anyone was coming. And as the train dashed in its way, he shouted with all his might, 'Go into the waiting-room a bit. You'll get your deaths of cold out there. Some one will be around for you before long.'

But Winnie and John stood hand in hand, watching the train quite out of sight, before they obeyed him. Someone was fluttering

'It's a flag-station,' said Winnie. 'See, there's the flag in the corner of the seat.'

'What's that for?' asked John, examining with interest the little square of red cotton nailed to a short stick.

'It's to wave at the trains when you want to stop them,' explained Winnie.

'Is it? I wonder why Uncle John doesn't come. I should think it's tea-time.'

'Well, we'll have tea while we're waiting. We'll eat the cake the old lady gave us; but first, I wish you'd stay here and take care of our things while I go and see if there is any house near where we could ask about Uncle John.'

'I'll come with you,' said John but they did not go far, for there was not a single house in sight, and the road that led away down the hill was so drifted with snow that the first step took John up to his knees.

'I guess Uncle John'll need a good horse to get to us to-night,' he said, shaking his head sagely. 'I hope he'll come soon, for its getting dark very fast.'

'Come back into the waiting-room, and let us have our supper while we can see,' said Winnie.

John was very quiet over his cake. At

last he said, 'Are you afraid, Winnie?'

'No-o,' said Winnie, 'at least, I am trying not to be. The last thing Mrs. Sinclair said was that she was sure God would take care of us, because we have no father, and because we are "of more value than many sparrows."'

'What shall we do?' said John. 'I think we may freeze to death if we have to wait here long.'

'Oh, some one is sure to be coming soon,' replied Winnie bravely, 'and till then we'll play house here in this queer little station, I wonder if we could bring in the box out of the snow, and then we'll unlock it, and I'll get out your other coat and my old dress, and we'll wrap ourselves up and keep as warm as we can.'

The effort to drag the heavy box into the room helped to warm them, but most of the little garments it contained were thin and threadbare. Still, two coats or jackets are decidedly warmer than one, and Winnie made a comfortable pillow of their underclothing.

'It's getting quite dark,' said John, anxiously. 'Perhaps Uncle John doesn't really want us.'

'Well,' replied Winnie thoughtfully, 'if he doesn't, perhaps God knows of some one else who does. Listen; I'll say my verse about the sparrows. Cuddle up close against me, Jackey, and we'll be as warm as toasts.'

'Tell me that about the sparrows again,' said John, after a pause.

'Fear not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows. Now, I'll play that you are my baby, and I'll sing you to sleep.'

The child was very tired, and he soon fell asleep, but the wind howling round their rough shelter kept Winnie awake. Besides, her feet were like two lumps of ice. She still murmured her verse to herself, and she was at last getting drowsy, when a wild shriek rang through the air, and the very ground beneath them seemed to throb and tremble. They both started up in alarm.

'What's that?' cried John, clutching his sister round the neck.

'Nothing; it's only the cars,' said Winnie softly. 'Perhaps they'll stop, and some one will tell us the way to get to Uncle John's.'

But it was an express, and it thundered through the little wayside station at full speed.

'Has it gone?' gasped John. 'Oh, Winnie, my feet are freezing, and the snow is blowing all over my face through that big crack.'

'I'll get some more things out of the box, and stuff the crack up,' said Winnie. 'Now, I've put everything over us that we have, even my Sunday dress, so we'll lie down and sleep till morning.'

Once or twice again they were wakened by a train's thundering through the station, and then they both slept soundly. John's feet were no longer cold, his sister had wrapped him up so well, and she was so tired that she soon forgot the pain in hers.

The night grew colder and colder, but morning dawned at last. A beam of sunlight fell upon John's face, and he sat up, much wondering where he was. Then he remembered everything, and tried to rouse Winnie, but she was sleeping soundly, though her cheeks were almost as white as the snow that had drifted over her black dress.

'Wake up, Winnie,' he shouted; but though he shook her she did not stir. 'It's morning, Winnie. Wake up!'

By this time he was thoroughly frightened, and the tears came into his eyes as he ran out on the snowy platform screaming for help. But there was no one to hear, and he stopped through sheer lack of breath. At that moment a whistle sounded in the distance, and presently the rails began to tremble.

The little lad stood waiting for a second, then darted into the waiting-room, seized the red flag, and sprang to the edge of the platform. The train was rounding the curve, and John held his flag high above his head, and waved it madly.

The engine still came on, went snorting and puffing past him, and then stopped short.

Two or three men were on the platform of the car nearest John, and one of them—the conductor—said, in a business-like voice, 'Now, hurry up, young man. We can't keep her waiting, even for you. Come, get in.'

'Oh, please, sir,' cried John, 'I don't want to get in. I wish someone would get off. Winnie won't wake up, though I've shouted ever so, an' Uncle John forgot to meet us, an' we've had no breakfast——'

The men looked at one another. Then a big, jolly-faced farmer jumped down into the snow. 'All right; ahead,' he said to the conductor. 'I should get off at the next station anyway, and we can't leave that baby here alone.'

'Now, where's Winnie?' he asked, as the long train went rattling on its way.

'There she is,' said John, pointing to the waiting-room.'

The big farmer gave one look at Winnie, then said, 'Promise me, sonny, to stay here till I come back, and mind not to stop any more trains.'

The next moment John saw him plunging through the drifts on his way to the nearest house. It was not long, however, before he came back with another man and a big jug of hot coffee in his hand.

Between them they managed to waken Winnie from her strange sleep. Then the newcomer wrapped her up in his big coat, and carried her away down the line. Meanwhile the farmer bundled all the clothes back into the box, and, putting it on his shoulder, held out his hand to John, saying, 'Come along, laddie, and tell me who you are.'

'I'm John and she's Winnie,' replied the small boy, and as he trotted along between the lines he told their whole history.

'Well, it's a mercy you weren't frozen to death,' muttered the farmer.

Two hours later he astonished his wife by driving up to the door with the two children in his sleigh.

'William Williams, whoever have you got there?' she exclaimed.

'Two little sparrows that I found at Merton Station,' was the answer. 'You know you've always said that you wanted a little girl, wife, so I've brought you one, and a boy into the bargain.'

'Poor dears! Perhaps this is why I never could get any one to spare me one of their lasses,' said Mrs. Williams, gently. 'But do you really think we can keep them?'

'Why, yes, Sally. It's the strangest thing! You remember John Shaw, who has just gone to live up Morton way?—he's their uncle. Well, the poor innocents were sent off to Merton by mistake—Shaw always did write a horrid scrawl—and I'm sure he'll be glad to let us keep them. He has several children of his own, you know.'

Mr. Williams was quite right. John Shaw was very willing to give up his guardianship of the children.

They were very happy in their new home, and it was all the brighter for their presence. Truly, as Winnie said, 'God had been taking good care of them when he let them get off the cars at the flag-station.

A Suit For a Song.

(By Eleanor W. F. Bates.)

'Twas a cold winter's morning. The great clothing store
Had folded its shutters and opened its door,
The full ranks of salesmen were busy as bees,
For patrons were many to fit and to please,
The large plate-glass windows were shining and bright,
And behind them arranged was a wonderful sight—
Piles of clothing galore, both for boys and for men,
While mirrors each side showed their glories again;
And a great gilded sign (broad its letters and long),
Bore this legend enticing: 'A suit for a song.'

The master of all, the rich merchant, stood by,
Prosperity shown by his keen business eye,
His carriage erect and imperative hand,
As he glanced right and left with an air of command,
While he stood, through the door crept a mite of a boy,
Not one of the dainty curled darlings of joy.
But a ragged and dirty and half-frozen child
Looked up at the merchant and timidly smiled,
And then like a chime of far bells set a-swing,
Half murmured, half whispered: 'Please, sir, may I sing?'

He sang, and his voice trembled sweet on the ear;
He sang—oh! the angels might bend down to hear!
'Twas the lyric of childhood, and passionate pain,
And joy's magic music was mixed in the strain.
It was low—'twas the cry of a heart stricken sore;
It was soft, and the ardor of faith went before;
It was shrill, tears unbidden sprang swift to the eye,
For cold and starvation rang keen in the cry;
It was sad with the pleadings of hope long deferred,
Yet, 'twas sweet as the lay of a nest-building bird;
Yes, 'twas sweet; it flung memories of home on the air,
Of purity's shrine, of a mother's low prayer;
It faltered and failed into silence; and then,
Looking round at the circle of listening men,
He said—though his voice for a moment fell mute—
'I've sung you a song—will you give me a suit?'

He pointed his thin, grimy finger to where
The sign in the window was lustrous and fair,
'A Suit for a Song'—it was this the child meant,
Every eye on the prosperous master was bent.
He spoke not, he moved not. Far back in the years
He roamed with a vision sweet almost to tears.
His face was downcast on the quivering child,
But in one moment more he had looked up and smiled,
And patted the boy. 'I suppose I'm a fool—
Here, you! dress this imp in a suit fit for school,
And the rest of you fellows'—with mimic berating—
'To your work! and be quick; there are customers waiting!'

All day was the heart of the merchant prince warm
As the suit that now covered the little one's form;
And whenever the issues of business perplexed
His brain to confusion, a wandering text
From an old-fashioned volume brought peace out of strife,
And calm and content to an oft-worried life:
'Naked I was, and ye clothed me': the words
Chorded sweet as a chorus of jubilant birds—
Nay, sweeter; as faith is far sweeter than joy:
They were sweet as the song of the newly-clad boy.

—'American Messenger.'

'May I Tell Jesus, Daddy?'

(By Annie Drummond.)

'You know, dear, as God saved me,' said Rose Grey, 'I knew it was for a purpose. That purpose, I also knew, was that I should seek the salvation of others. Understanding this I began to realize my responsibility. He wanted workers for himself—no drones were welcome to his hive. Of that I felt more and more convinced every day, and I began to work. The sphere opening up to me was the Juniors. Not the one certainly, I should have chosen—but I had told the Lord that I was willing to be anything or nothing if I might only do his will. Thus I made my surrender. But dealing faithfully as I knew how with the children in my charge, I was disappointed to find no fruit in my spiritual vineyard. I prayed, I wrestled, still nothing seemed to come of it—

NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

Thinking thus one day, feeling sad and discouraged, I heard of the illness of one of my Juniors, and determined to go without delay to see her. Presently, having gained admittance, I was standing at Maggie Ford's bedside, talking of him whom I believed would soon bear her away to a better home than that of a tippling father. And lifting my heart to God with all the earnestness of my soul's desire, I asked him to use me in that little corner of the redeemed world, and help me to lead someone to Christ. Then we had several precious talks together — Baby Maggie and I.

One morning, in anticipation of one of these enjoyable hours, I had taken a tempting morsel for the invalid, when it was told me that her father had been summoned home by the doctor with the assurance that the child was much worse. And truly it was a touching sight I beheld after climbing the rickety stairs to the sick room—the big brawny man, listening with bowed head to the whisperings of tiny Maggie, her small hand clasping his begrimed finger, as though upon her grasp depended the measure of her stay. Gently I put down the dainty food I had taken and stood reverently by.

'Daddy, I'm going to Jesus!' said the dying little one, unconscious of me being in the room. 'Yes, daddy, I'm going directly. My teacher says he has beautiful things he will give me when I get to heaven. I want to go, I want to go! but——'

'But, what, Chickie?' gasped the man, in a choking voice, when she looked, oh, so pitifully in his face, and bemoaned—

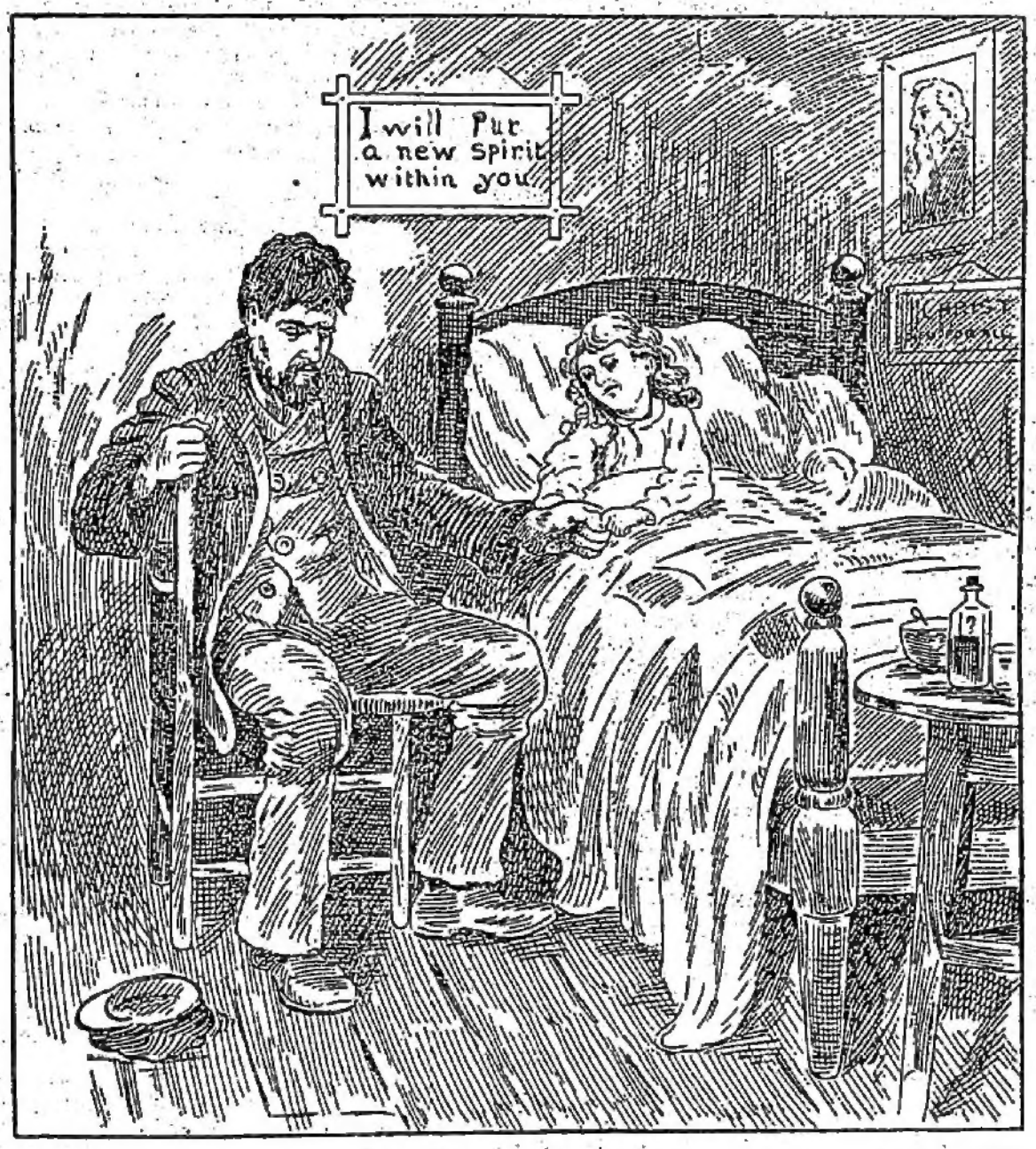
'There'll be no one to fetch you from the pub, then, daddy.'

Was it in the outcome of this low lament, this child-wail at the gates of death, that Rose Grey was about to receive an answer to her prayers? Was it here, accompanied by a little girl, she would find the first-fruit of her labors and trust in God? It might be so. God only knew.

But Maggie, still clinging to her father's black finger, earnestly exclaimed, with what small remaining strength she had, 'Jesus loves me, daddy, and he loves you, too. He wants you.'

'Wants me!' gasped the trembling man, 'wants me!'

'Oh, yes,' she cried, with a heaven-born glory gleaming in her eyes, 'he wants you to find sinners and bring them to him. He wants you when you have done something for him here, to go where I am going; and he wants to give you the beautiful things my teacher says he has stored up in heaven for those who love him. Won't you come, daddy? Yes, say you will. Maggie is dying—your Maggie, daddy — she is going home'; and still clasping the imprisoned finger tight and yet tighter, as a faintness seemed to steal over the anxious child, she whispered, 'May I tell Jesus you will come? Say yes, daddy—oh, say yes!'



'THERE WILL BE NO ONE TO FETCH YOU HOME FROM THE SALOON THEN, DADDY!'

At this never-to-be-forgotten moment Rose Grey gently laid her hand upon the rough fellow's shoulder, saying softly, 'Let us have a little talk with Jesus, my dear brother,' when, beyond her most sanguine expectations, he fell upon his knees, and whilst she prayed he really took the words out of her mouth in his loud cries for mercy and the salvation of his soul.

'Lord save me!' he groaned. 'Oh, God, be merciful to me! Take me as I am! Make me anything thou wilt, only let me be fit to go up there; I will be thy servant, Lord—I will live for thee!'

And as these unaccustomed words sounded through the several tenements of the house, people ran from all parts of the house to see what was the matter with 'that' drunken Ford, now,' when, rising from his knees and confronting the startled folk—he told them he had been a great sinner, but now he had found a great Saviour; and as he had gone all odds for the devil in his past—so he meant to be out-and-out for his new Master. He would serve King Jesus loyally and well.

'May I tell him so, dada?' came a voice from the bedclothes. 'May I tell Jesus father will see his Maggie again?'

All this time the child held fast to the finger of the now penitant man.

'Let me tell Jesus you are coming by-and-bye?'

'You may, my darling,' cried Ford, bursting into tears; but they were tears of joy and gratitude that as a brand plucked from the burning, so he stood to-day by the side of his dying Maggie. And when, presently, he felt her hand relax its grasp, and a sweet smile, light up every feature of her face, her lips moved, and listening to the glad words falling upon his ear.

'No one will need fetch you from the pub, now, daddy; your belong to Jesus.'

In the strength of his King, Tom Ford, the reclaimed drunkard, remains true to-day, honored by being used in the service of the Cross and winning sinners for Jesus. — 'Young Soldier.'

A Shield and a Buckler.

Truly the word of God is a shield and a buckler to those who trust in him. Mr. Charles Inglis, an evangelist, speaking at a meeting in London, related this remarkable incident:

'Twenty years ago I was at a convention in the city of Dublin, and after the meeting a gentleman put a bible in my hand in which was a round hole in one of the covers. He said, "I want you to look at it." I took it up to look at it, and as I opened the bible, I found leaf after leaf had this hole through it, and I said, "What does it mean?"

'He said: "Five or six years ago, in a troubled part of the country, where I was preaching, I had just finished a service in a farmhouse, and got into my cart to ride home. Something said to me, "Don't put your bible in your coat pocket," and I put it into my breast pocket. While riding I saw a flash, heard a report, and felt something had struck me.

"I said, 'Drive on, drive on quickly; I think I am shot, but I am not much hurt.'

'The gentleman shortly afterwards found a hole in his overcoat, and he found the bullet imbedded in that Bible, and it stopped at St. John, xvii., where it says, "Holy Father, keep through thine own name those whom thou hast given me."

'God unfailingly watches over his children, and is never at a loss in devising means to effect their escape, even though they may have to pass through fire and water.'—English Paper.

Where Father Used to Kneel.

I heard a story of two young men who were very wicked, yet their father was a very earnest, consecrated Christian. He held family prayers every night, kneeling down by a little table that stood in the corner of the hearthstone; but the two young men did not care to bow with their father at that little, old table. Finally the father died and left the two wicked sons. He had prayed with them many a time and sometimes with tears in his eyes he had talked with them about their Saviour, but they did not care to hear him.

Time went on, and in after years they decided, as they had gained in property, to remove the old house and build a larger one. They were both carpenters and they undertook the job themselves. They took off the roof and then the sides of the house, and then they took up the floor, plank by plank, and finally they got near the old hearthstone, and one of them stopped and looked at his brother. He said:

'Here's where father used to kneel and pray; there's where the little table stood, and the bible was always on it.'

The other said:

'Yes, it seems to me I can see the print of father's knee on the old plank now.' He continued, 'I can't take up that plank; you take it up.'

The other one said:

'No, I can't; I wish you would,' and as they looked into each other's eyes the voice of their father spoke to them, and the Spirit of God vitalized the voice, and right there, where the old man had prayed a thousand times, the boys prayed that day, and asked the old, old question, 'What shall I do to be saved?' And the Spirit of God came down and revealed Jesus to their hearts, and before that plank was ever taken up they gave their hearts to God.—'Baptist Standard.'

His Mother's Boy.

A mother once owned just a commonplace boy,
A shock-headed boy,
A freckle-faced boy,
But thought he was handsome and said so with joy;
For mothers are funny, you know,
Quite so—
About their sons' beauty, you know.

His nose, one could see, was not Grecian, but pug,
And turned up quite snug,
Like the nose of a jug;
But she said it was 'piquant,' and gave him a hug;
For mothers are funny, you know,
Quite so—
About their sons' beauty, you know.

His eyes were quite small, and he blinked in the sun;
But she said it was done,
As a mere piece of fun,
And gave an expression of wit to her son;
For mothers are funny, you know,
Quite so—
About their sons' beauty, you know.

The carroty love-locks that covered his head,
She never called red,
But auburn instead.
'The color the old masters painted,' she said.
For mothers are funny, you know,
Quite so—
About their sons' beauty, you know.

Now, boys, when your mothers talk so, let it pass;
Don't look in the glass,
Like a vain, silly lass,
But go tend the baby, pick chips, weed the grass;
Be as good as you're pretty, you know,
Quite so—
As good as you're pretty, you know.
—'Morning Star.'

Correspondence

A TRUE STORY.

Port Nelson, Ont.

Dear Editor, — My great-grandfather and great-grandmother were United Empire Loyalists. When they were in the United States they lived quite happily for a while until the war began. After weeks of great hardship they managed to get to Canada and live under the British flag once more. They settled in a small village of which I forget the name; but it is a city now.

Next door to them lived a man and his wife. The man was a drunkard. Every night he went to the tavern. My grandpa was always a very strict temperance man. Nearly every night my grandpa had to go as far as the tavern to sell things, and he used to take his neighbor home. After a while grandpa managed to win him from going to the tavern, and he stopped drinking altogether. The next thing, grandpa and Mr. Ward, (his neighbor) formed a temperance society. After eight months about forty people joined, and there was a change in that town. Three years after Mr. Ward went with his wife to China as a missionary. Mr. Ward died in China, but Mrs. Ward came back to Canada. I often have wished to see my dear old great-grandfather.

Two of my uncles fought in the great Civil War. The farm my grandmother lived on was a real battle-field. They found many skulls and human bones and arrow-heads. They did not find out for years until grandpa ploughed the field, and then he found them.

LULU, aged twelve.

Delhaven, N.S.

Dear Editor, — We live in a valley, and above us is the lookoff, from which we have a very fine view. We can see the Cornwallis Valley and a number of different towns and villages and we can see a part of five different counties. We live about five miles from the far-famed Blomidon. I have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for nearly two years; the first year my grandma gave it to me for a New Year's present.

ETHEL.

Greenfield, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I attend the 'Rosette Band of Hope, No. 2.' The superintendent is a young man. Every Thursday evening we meet in the hall at half past seven o'clock. We open with prayer and singing, then the superintendent asks questions. The secretary then calls the roll and reads the minutes. Next we recite and read, then we all sing and our Band is closed.

JUNA PEARLE.

Prince Albert, Sask.

Dear Editor,—I have not taken the 'Witness' very long, but I like it very much. I have two canary birds and a pup. My puppie is very playful. When I come home from school I feed my little birds, play with my pup for a while, then read or play on the piano till tea time.

I like very much to read the letters in the 'Messenger.' My brother has a pony, and he rides on horseback.

GERTIE, aged nine.

Eden, Man.

Dear Editor,—I live in the bend of Riding Mountain, fourteen miles from Neepawa. The Riding Mountain runs from the south and turns east a mile north of our place. There is a big gully in the mountain, with big steep banks, and they have spruce trees and moss on them. The snakes coil up on the banks to sun themselves. A big creek runs through the gully. Brown bears and elk live in the mountain. I live on the farm in summer, and in the bush in winter. We have a very large Sunday-school. The girls and boys see who can say the most verses.

ETHEL, aged nine.

Ionia, Mich.

Dear Editor,—I do not belong to any temperance society, but mamma does not allow any liquor or cider to be in the house.

I went to a chalk talk once. A lady was lecturing for the children. The subject was temperance. The lady drew a picture of an apple. It had a red nose and green cheeks. Its eyebrows were shaggy. The lips were turned down. This represented the effect intoxicating liquors had upon people. There was another apple with red cheeks, and its lips were curved up. Its eyes were bright. This was a temperance apple. She asked us which one we would rather be, and we all said, 'The temperance apple.'

She said, 'You are all building your houses and you do not want to have miserable shantys. If you drink or do naughty things you will spoil your house. You each want a handsome house. If you do right in the little things, you will be helping to make a good house. A house could not stand without a good foundation.

ANNIE, aged nine.

Pender Island.

Dear Editor,—We have received fifty library books since I wrote last. I would like to see some little boys' or girls' letters in the 'Messenger' from round our islands. Those I see from Chilliwack and other places round here I like to read, although I don't know the writers. I was at Victoria city for the Twenty-fourth of May, and enjoyed myself very much. It is about thirty miles from here, and is quite a nice city. My rabbits now are getting large. I have only three, and they are not as tame as they used to be. We have some ducklings that are made great pets of, and will come and eat bread out of your hands.

NELLIE.

A TAME TROUT.

Richford, Vt.

Dear Editor,—I have no brothers or sisters, but I have four pets, two cats, their names being Spot and Nabby; a dog, named Fido, and a trout, named Jack. The trout is so tame that he will take food from my hand. I have a side-saddle, and ride horseback quite often, but have no horse of my own. We have a sugar bush of about 2,000 trees. We keep three horses and twenty cows.

BYRD, aged thirteen.

Pender Island.

Dear Editor,—I get up in the morning and light the fire. When father is tired I milk the cow. I often see the Klondike steamers going by. One day I saw six of them in a line all about the same size. We live close to the water. I often go in wading and sometimes bathing.

Green Leaf, aged nine.

Cornwall, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have a flourishing Band of Hope, organized some years ago. There are at present three hundred and four members. Meetings are held monthly. Temperance recitations, readings and songs are rendered, and it is very helpful and interesting.

There can be no half-way course in that which is really evil, such as swearing, stealing, or lying, or drinking of intoxicating liquor.

Temperance keeps the body cool and the mind clear, and we should do all in our power to further its cause.

EVA MAY.

A Clean Paper.

Have you ever considered the moral character of the newspaper to which you subscribe. It means a great deal to you and your children whether the paper is clean or not. One cannot touch fire without being burned, neither can one read a newspaper story that is spiced with evil, or see, day after day, a vile advertisement, without being contaminated.

The 'Witness,' however, is particularly careful what it accepts in the way of advertising, refusing over $30,000 worth of injurious advertising annually, and its news and story columns are, of course, just as carefully guarded.

If you think such a paper a good one for your family, send us twenty-five cents in three cent stamps, and we will send you either the 'Daily Witness,' for one month, or the 'Weekly Witness,' for three months; or, if you prefer to subscribe for a year, the rates are:

'Daily Witness,' $3.00 per annum.

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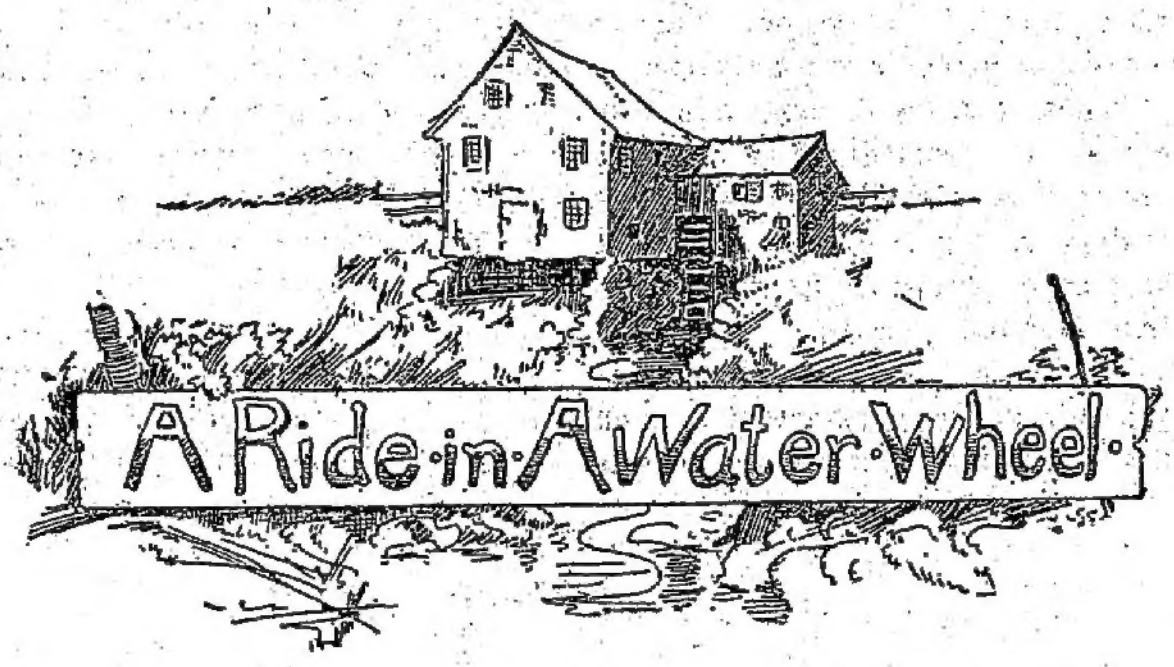
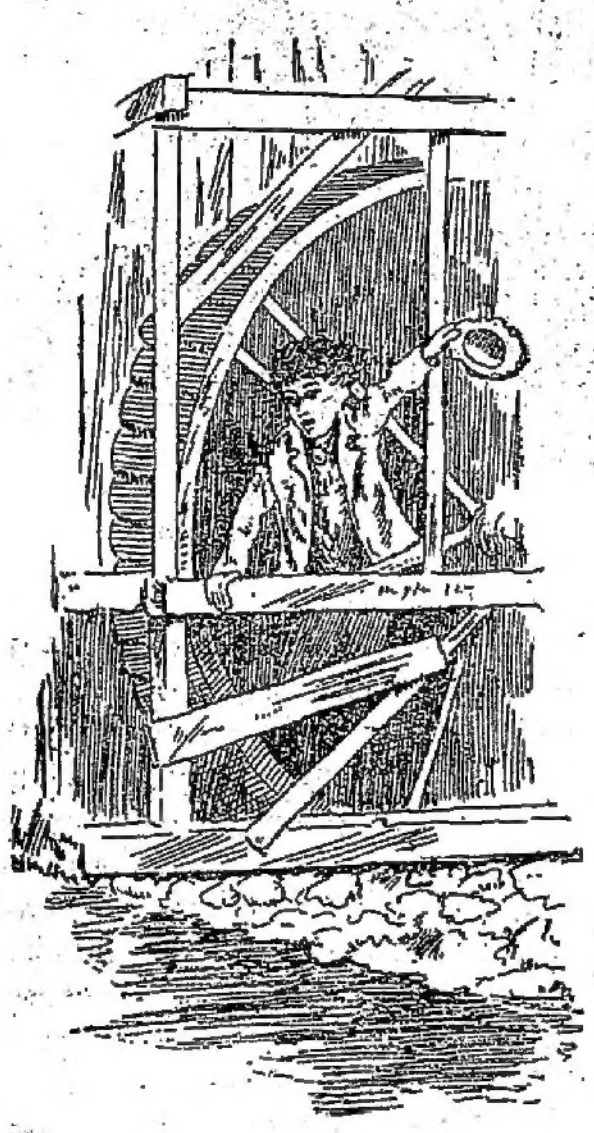
Address, John Dougall & Son, Publishers, Montreal.



It sometimes happens that curiosity gets one into great trouble. And so it happened with a little friend of mine. He thought it very praiseworthy to ask questions about things, and to pry into them. Whenever he was reproved, he said he wished to be learning something. One day he learned to his cost, that it is not always prudent to pry into things without asking the advice of older persons.

He heard his father's workmen say that the water-wheel on the



farm was broken, and while he was eating his breakfast, he kept thinking how fine it would be to go and examine that wheel for himself. But by the time he had finished, the men had mended the wheel, and were just about leaving their work when he reached the mill. 'Oh, well,' thought Frank, 'I'll have a look into the thing after they are gone.'

And so he did He went about from place to place prying into everything and at last he got into the wheel, and stood there quite still for some minutes and then he tossed his hat in the air, and shouted, 'Hurrah! hurrah!' for he felt very much like a hero in the strange place. But the movement of his arm was a little too much; he had set the wheel in motion. He heard a loud roaring, which frightened him, and as he felt the wheel turning round he was very wretched, and screamed with all his might. Happily the men were not far off, and came to his rescue, but he was sore and bruised enough to wish he had not meddled with what he did not understand. Since that day Frank has not been so very curious. —Zitella Cocke, in 'Our Little Ones.'

Black Cherries.

'Oh, mother, what beauties! Are they all for us?' lisped little Susan.

'Yes, children, yes; don't worry,' said mother as she emptied the beautiful black and red cherries from the basket on to the kitchen table. The children looked with longing eyes at the lovely juicy fruit. It was long since they had eaten anything but bread and bacon.

'Now I'll run round to Mrs. Leekes with the basket. Don't lay a finger on the fruit while I am gone,' said mother. 'Nellie, I leave you in charge,' and the good woman bustled out to her neighbor's house.

'They look awfully good,' said Susan. 'Come and see, Nellie, and you too, Kate.'

But Nellie was telling a story to Katie, and they paid no heed to little Susan's chatter. Sitting in the window seat, with their heads close together, they related tales they had heard from their teacher. Susan sighed as she looked from them to the black cherries. Where was the voice that whispers, 'Just one; no one is looking, and no one will miss it.' Her little chubby hand was stretched out on the table to take one, when Nellie's sweet voice was heard saying,

'And Jesus loved the little girl so much that'—

Susan drew back her hand, and a look of shame came on her face.

'The little girl said, "I love you, too, Lord Jesus,"' said Nellie.

Two big tears came into Susan's eyes, and she stood away from the table, while still the childish voice went on from the window sill.

'And when the stars came out in the sky, Jesus came down right into the dirty room where the sick child was, and carried her up to heaven in His arms.'

Susan threw herself down at her little sister's feet and sobbed, 'Oh, catch hold of me, Nellie; don't let me go. I was just going to steal a cherry—only—only you 'minded me of Jesus.'

The two little sisters looked quite frightened, but they caught Susan up between them, and then Nellie finished her tale. When mother came in, she found them still curled up in the window, but little Susan was fast asleep in Nellie's arms.

'Wake up, little one!' said mother, 'and we'll divide the cherries among you.'

'I would rather Jesus had them,' said sleepy little Susan.—'Our Darlings.'

Selfish Davy.

Davy was a handsome boy. He had light curly hair, dark blue eyes, and rosy cheeks. But he was greedy. He did not like to share anything with his little brothers and sisters.

One day he went into the kitchen where his mother was at work, and saw on the table a saucer of jelly.

'Can I have that jelly?' asked Davy.

'Mrs. White sent it to me,' said Davy's mother. 'She has company to dinner, and made this jelly very nice. But I don't care for it;

so you may have it if you won't be greedy with it.'

Davy took the saucer of jelly and went out into the yard, but he did not call his little brothers and sisters to help him eat it.

'If I divide it with them there won't be a spoonful apiece,' he thought. 'It is better for one to have enough than for each to have a little!'

So he ran to the barn and climbed up to the loft where he was sure no one would think of looking for him.

Just as he began to eat the jelly he heard his sister Fanny calling him. But he did not answer her. He kept very still.

'They always want some of everything I have,' he said to himself. 'If I have just one little biscuit they think I ought to give them each a piece.'

When the jelly was all eaten and he had scraped the saucer clean, Davy went down into the barnyard and played with the little white calf, and hunted for eggs in the shed where the cows were. He was ashamed to go into the house, for he knew he had been very greedy about the jelly.

'Oh, Davy,' said Fanny, running into the barnyard, 'where have you been this long time? We looked everywhere for you.'

'What did you want?' asked Davy, thinking that, of course, his sister would say she had wanted him to share the jelly with her.

'Mother gave me a party,' said Fanny. 'We had all the dolls' dishes set out on a little table under the big tree by the porch; and we had strawberries, cake and raisins. Just as we sat down to eat, Mrs. White saw us from the window, and she sent over a big bowl of ice-cream and some jelly, left from the dinner; we had a splendid time; you ought to have been with us.'

Poor Davy! How mean he felt! And he was well punished for eating his jelly all alone.—'Children's Friend.'

Camels.

Uncle John had been travelling in the East. While he was away he saw a great many animals, and when he came home he brought the loveliest scrap book for Jennie and Rob. At the top of each page he drew the picture of an animal, and under it he wrote, in very large letters, things he thought the children would like to know. This is what is written on the first page:

'That camel with one hump is called a dromedary; it can run faster than a horse. There is one variety having fine, white hair, that is greatly prized in Eastern countries, but it is very rare.

'The camel with two humps is called a Bactrian camel; it is such a slow creature that when it travels two and a half miles an hour, its master will say, "How fast he goes." You will often find animals of this kind nine feet high.

'Such a long neck! but that neck holds its head far above the hot air, that rises from the desert sands. Its heavy eyebrows are like awnings over its eyes, and protect them from the glare of the sun; its long lashes keep the sand from flying into its eyes.

'I will tell you something strange: the camel has a straight back-bone, just like any other animal, but those two queer humps of fat make it seem crooked. Those ugly humps are pantries, where food is stored away for a time of need. Sometimes, on a long journey, the humps grow so small, that the master is forced to allow his camel to rest for two or three months, until they become large again, or the poor creature would be sick, and perhaps die.

'Camels, when thirsty, can tell, by smelling the air, where water can be found, even when it is three or four miles away.

'They can never be trusted. Sometimes they will take a dislike to a person; then whenever they can get a chance, they will give wicked little cries, and bite the man so that he dies from his wounds.

'Camels are so very strong that once the Government tried to bring them to England to do heavy work; but camels can not walk on moist ground; they are used to lands that have very few rain-falls; they slip and slide on wet places, like children do on the ice; so we still have to use horses.

'The milk of the camel is quite rich. Its hair is made into fine paint brushes, and woven into beautiful cloth. Many useful things are formed from its bones.

'You see this beast of burden is just in its right place, and the people in the East could not well do without it.'—Mary N. Prescott, in 'Our Little Ones.'

Catechism for Little Water-Drinkers.

(Julia Colman, in National Temperance Society, New York.)

LESSON XX.—LET US GIVE THANKS.

1. To whom should we give thanks for this wonderful house we live in?

To our Heavenly Father, who gives us all the good things we enjoy.

2. How can we give thanks for our hands?

By making them do good works and acts of kindness.

3. How can we thank God for our lips?

By making them sing his praise, and speak the truth in love.

4. How can we give thanks for our eyes?

By making them look for what is good and right.

5. How can we thank God for our brains?

By making them think good thoughts and study to know his will.

6. How can we give thanks for our feet?

By making them to go on good errands and run away from temptation.

7. How can we take the best care of the house that contains these gifts?

Mostly by taking good food and drink, air and exercise.

8. What good will it do us to take so much pains?

It will help us to be healthy, happy and useful.

9. What is a scripture form of thanks to our Heavenly Father for such blessings?

To 'present our bodies a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God which is our reasonable service.'

Scientific Temperance Teaching.

(By Mrs. Howard Ingham, Secretary Non-Partisan W. C. T. U., Cleveland, Ohio.)

LESSON XX.—DISEASES CAUSED BY ALCOHOL.

1. What have you learned that alcohol is?

Alcohol is always a deadly poison.

2. But it does not cause death at once?

Not often. But it makes the whole body sick, and cuts off many years from the drinker's life.

3. What part of the body does it especially poison?

The brain. It seems to fly through the body to reach the brain as quickly as possible.

4. Does alcohol produce real disease of the brain?

Yes, it produces many different diseases. By taking away the necessary moisture from the brain, it in time produces a brain paralysis, when the person ceases to know or to feel, and loses all control over his movements. By the weakening of the blood-vessels it often produces apoplexy, some little blood-vessel bursting and allowing the blood to flow out into the substance of the brain. By the crowding of the blood-vessels it produces other dangerous diseases.

5. Can the mind remain healthy and active in such a condition of the brain?

Certainly not, since the brain is the organ of the mind. A little alcohol is often seen to affect the mind very strongly, the person becoming very silly, or very cross and angry. He laughs or cries, or raves, saying things that are not true, and imagining all sorts of foolish things.

6. What often happens if he continues to drink?

Often he becomes quite insane, and in his madness injures or perhaps kills some one whom, when he is in his right mind, he strongly loves. Many men have committed murders, when in such a state, of which they had no intention, and which they could not afterwards even remember.

7. Does the madness continue after the immediate effects of the alcohol have passed away?

Not at first; but very often, through the repeated action of alcohol, constantly weakening the vessels of the brain more and more, permanent disease and permanent insanity are produced, and the poor victim has to end his days in an insane asylum.

8. Should a person be blamed for crimes committed when he was intoxicated, or when his brain has become diseased through drink?

Certainly; he had no right to get into such a dreadful state.

9. Have we any proof that alcohol often produces lasting insanity?

Yes, the records of the asylums prove this. In one asylum it was found that forty out of every hundred admitted had become insane through drink.

1. What other diseases does alcohol produce?

By its poison in the stomach it produces terrible ulcers. It so hardens the food that it cannot be digested, and so burdens and weakens the poor stomach till it can do almost nothing of the work it was made to do.

11. What does it do to the blood?

It steals the water from the blood, kills the little air cells, and makes it quite unfit to repair the waste of the body.

12. Does the heart also become diseased?

Yes. It begins to beat irregularly. Its walls become weakened and worn out, and its valves diseased. Many people die from heart disease produced by drink.

13. What other diseases does alcohol produce?

Consumption, and other diseases of the lungs. Fatty changes in the muscles, producing dropsy, and other fatal diseases. Indeed, alcohol makes every part of the body sick, from head to foot, and makes a man half dead while he is yet alive.

14. What, then, is the only safe thing to do about alcohol?

To let it entirely alone.

15. May we not take a little safely?

No, for it is the nature of a little alcohol to produce an appetite for more.

Hints to Teachers.

Experience and observation will give abundant illustrative material for this lesson. The children themselves, sadly enough, know sick and miserable and prematurely dying people who are being killed by alcohol. The fact that life insurance companies find it necessary to make entirely different rates for drinkers and non-drinkers, because of the vastly increased risk in case of the former, may well be dwelt upon. So, also, the fact that, as public records tell us, no other class of men die so fast as do liquor-sellers, who, though living, usually, very easy lives, protected from cold or want or hard work, are killed by the alcohol they are constantly tempted to drink.

A Bequest Refused.

The late Robert G. White, of Philadelphia, made several bequests by will to the Central Presbyterian Church, with the following conditions:—'That the legatees should never at any time commit any act or in any manner whatever give any countenance to what the testator called the 'pernicious folly of prohibition, or its bantling, local option, or any scheme for the total suppression by law of the manufacture, sale, or consumption of liquors, that will intoxicate when abused or used to excess, or commit any act of proscription against any person of good moral character, by reason of being engaged in the manufacture or sale, owing to the rational and temperate use of such liquors.' The board of trustees of the Central Presbyterian Church decided that the acceptance of these legacies would constitute an implied acquiescence in the conditions of the testator and an implied approval of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors, and refused to accept the legacies. The estate amounts to twenty-six thousand dollars.

Why They Were Astonished.

What the effect would be upon the industrial and commercial as well as the moral and social interests of the nation were intemperance to disappear may be inferred from the following facts:

A few years ago a large number of persons who were earning considerable wages at the Nottingham potteries signed the pledge, and the residents in the neighborhood discovered, to their astonishment, that their business had increased in a remarkable manner, and the solution was found in the fact that about $50,000 had been taken in a short space of time, out of the liquor-shops, and about $100,000 had been put into the pockets of tradesmen. If a man spent a shilling in the saloon, he lost, on an average, a shilling in the wasted time he took to spend it in.

In the time of Father Mathew, a number of miners, who used to spend at the store connected with the Knockmahon mine about $2,000 every month, joined the temperance movement, when the demand for alcoholic liquor entirely ceased, and the men who had only been enabled to spend $2,000 were found to earn twice as much wages, and they were enabled to spend $4,000 per month in the store, because they abandoned strong drink.

These are facts worthy the consideration of every patriot.—'National Temperance Advocate.'

The Prohibition War.

(By John B. Williams, in the 'Witness.')

Thank heaven for the people's dawning day of plebiscite,
The day of declaration for the darkness or the light;
The faithful of the darker past died longing for this day,
And glad we read the signs of time foretelling soon we may.

Their patient efforts in the cause of man oppressed and maimed,
By a heartless and barbaric foe, at last have gained
Attention in their country's legislative dome; this hour
A spark of zeal seems kindled in the hearts of men of power.

By struggles long, heroic, waged against fierce, giant odds,
God's few have helped our sinking race to breast the liquor-floods;
Now, with a cry for liberty from every patriot hand,
We'll bid our rulers rum's red tide to exile from the land.

For many who could never ply the pen to paint the woe,
Can cross a ballot to declare they want the curse to go;
And thousands not endowed with skill to lead blind multitudes,
Can bind with iron votes the thief that robs the nation's good.

We wrestle not to-day with foes of flesh and blood alone,
For Satan, with his hosts of death, will battle for his own;
But in the strength of heaven's God, and heaven's power of right,
We dare to charge Death's frowning ranks, led on by Heaven's light.

* * * * * * *

Are there in Canada's domain, blind traitors, cowards base,
Who'd dare desert their gallant trust in liberty's tight race?
Sell conscience for the motley spoil and join the tyrant's power?
God help them! Rum shall crush their sons in some unlooked-for hour.

Or does their stand in temperance dress a man of rotten heart,
Singing the song of liberty, while working Satan's art,
Collecting praise from upright men with cant and false pretence,
But voting in the rule of hell? Hell, take thine offspring hence!

Oh! may the tongue of fire descend to sift us for the strife,
God grant thy herald's flaming words to rouse the people's life.
May all men's love of liberty and hate of lawless claims,
Be mustered for the needed power to break our tyrant's chains.

Let's pluck from Canada's blue eye the stinging, blinding mote,
And let this be the patriot voice of every true man's vote,
To cleanse our maiden land from blight that savoreth of hell,
And heaven's waiting hosts will bow and sing 'They did it well.'

LESSON IV.—JULY 24, 1898.

Elijah's Flight and Encouragement.

I. Kings xix., 1-16. Read the chapter. Memory verses, 9-12.

Golden Text.

'Rest in the Lord and wait patiently for him.' (Psa., xxxvii., 7.)

Home Readings.

M. I. Kings xix., 1-21.—Elijah's flight and encouragement.
T. Psa. lxxiii., 1-28. — 'My flesh and my heart faileth.'
W. Psa. xxxvii., 1-22.—'Fret not thyself because of evildoers.'
T. Psa., xxxvii., 23-40.—'The Lord . . . forsaketh not his saints.'
F. Psa. lxii., 1-12.—'Wait thou only upon God.'
S. Rom. xi., 1-36.—'Hath God cast away his people?'
S. Nah. i., 1-15.—The Lord knows them that trust him.

Lesson Story.

Elijah, after God's wondrous showing forth of power, after the people's acknowledgment of Jehovah as their God and the ending of the famine, ran before Ahab to the city of Jezreel.

Ahab told his wife Jezebel about the fire from heaven and about Elijah's slaying the prophets of Baal. Jezebel, caring nothing for the true God, and mad with fury that one man should have dared to kill all the priests of the religion she had set up, at once sent a blasphemous message to Elijah threatening his life. With the utmost haste Elijah started and ran to Beersheba, nearly one hundred miles distant. Leaving his servant there he went on alone a day's journey into the wilderness.

Weary and discouraged Elijah sat down under a juniper tree, and prayed for death. The strain and fatigue had been too much for him and he was thoroughly discouraged of life. But God was watching over him with tender care, he is near us in the darkest hour, and he sent his angel to Elijah with dainty food and drink. Elijah ate and drank and slept again.

Again God sent the angel with food and comfort. And Elijah refreshed in body set out for Horeb, the Mount of God. For forty days and nights he wandered in the wilderness thinking over his troubles and wondering if God had anything further for him to do. Finally he reached Horeb and lodged in a cave. Then the Lord God spoke to him in tender reproof, 'What doest thou here, Elijah?' Elijah answered plaintively that he was the only true prophet left and his life was in peril.

Then God commanded Elijah to stand forth and watch him pass by. The wind blew a fierce hurricane that rent the mountains and tore the rocks, but the Lord was not in the wind. Then an awful earthquake came, followed by fire and lightning, but the Lord was in none of these. 'And after the fire a still small voice.'

The Lord God was in the stillness, and Elijah reverently hid his face while God talked to him. Then the Lord encouraged Elijah and sent him an errand for him.

Lesson Hymn.

Lie low, O heart, at Jesus' feet,
For then all bitter things are sweet;
Then thou canst know the peace of God;
Canst use the staff and kiss the rod.

Lie still, O heart, upon His breast,
And prove the peace of utter rest;
Then unbelief shall find no place,
And fear die out before his face.

Lie still, O heart, upon His breast;
For he can work if thou wilt rest;
The journey is too great for thee;
Unless the Lord thy shelter be.
—Anon.

Lesson Hints.

'Jezebel sent a messenger'—thereby defeating her end, by giving Elijah warning and time to escape. The character of Jezebel can be well judged by her conduct on this occasion, she exhibits the blind fury of a heathen mind.

'Beersheba'—on the farthest limit of the kingdom of Judah, ninety-five miles south of Jezreel.

'It is enough'—he felt as though his work was done and there was no more use in life. But God had work for him yet.

'Did eat'—'For us, too, in hours of discouragement, God has provided living waters and the manna from heaven in his word, and in the presence of the Holy Spirit.' (Peloubet.)

'Horeb'—the same as Mount Sinai, from which God gave the commandments and law to Moses. (Exodus xix., 10, 11.)

'What doest thou here?'—a loving reproof. Why are you hiding away, do you fear that God can not take care of you when you are working for him?

'Jealous for the Lord'—anxious that only he should be honored and worshipped.

'Forsaken thy covenant' — and worship. They had been false to their part of the covenant between them and Jehovah.

'I only am left'—he saw no other worshippers, but God saw the hearts of seven thousand who were true to him, though they were not as bold as Elijah.

'Wrapped his face'—no man could gaze on the glory of God, Moses had to cover his face in awe, at the wondrous majesty.

'Return'—go back to thy work, I am with thee always.

Questions to Be Studied at Home.

1. What were the principal events in last week's lesson?
2. Why was Elijah discouraged?
3. Did God care for Elijah when he ran away?
4. How did God show his loving care?
5. What food does God give us?
6. Do you remember about another prophet who was much discouraged?

Practical Points.

A. H. CAMERON.

July 24.

Ahab was unstable as water. Jezebel furious as a cyclone. Yet, the wind and the waves must obey the will of God. Verses 1, 2: Matt. viii., 27.

We all have our weak moments when love grows faint, hope becomes dim and faith is weakened by entertaining doubts and fears instead of asking grace to live for God, rather than close our eyes in death. Verses 3, 4.

He who hath led will lead all through the wilderness. He who hath fed will feed. He who hath blessed will bless. Verses 5-8.

Elijah on Carmel was the mighty prophet. Elijah in Beersheba was the man of like passions with us. Verses 9, 10.

Faith can see God in little affairs of everyday life as well as in the great events of history. Verses 11, 12.

We need not fancy ourselves alone in the good fight of faith since we are surrounded by so great a cloud of witnesses. Verses 13-16, and 18.

Illustration for July 24.

The value of this lesson lies rather in

God's kindly treatment of the wearied prophet than in the question of the wisdom of Elijah's flight. The prophet's words and action show not a change of mind or a loss of courage but simply the tremendous physical reaction from the high nervous strain of Carmel. So we find him, fled out of Israel altogether and indeed not stopping till he had reached the farther side of the sister kingdom of Judah. Here in the desert the exhausted prophet sinks down in the shade of a thorn tree, and God ministers through his angel, sleep and food. By the side of the sleeping prophet lie the bread and the cruse of water. No desert so lonely, no wilderness so far off that God cannot reach his children, and no trouble but he knows it and will provide the relief.

Illustration for July 17.

For this lesson we have the two altars, that of Baal, elaborately made, but cold and dead, no smoke, no fire, no power. On the other hand, the altar of Elijah's building, its twelve rough stones signifying the unity of the twelve tribes of Israel and the duty of all twelve to join in the worship of God.

About it is the trench filled with water and upon it the sacrifice touched with fire from on high, and blazing up, with smoke ascending to heaven. The verses give the contrast for that time and for all ages between the service of God and all other apparent sources of help.

For the flames use yellow and red chalks, indicating the flames with a few strokes of the side of the crayon, the same with white and blue for the smoke and blue for the water, the altars in brown.

Christian Endeavor Topics.

July 24.—How to have a happy home.—Job xxix., 1-20: Deut., vi., 6-9.

Lesson Study.

A well-managed school will especially foster and develop the home study of its scholars, knowing that thirty minutes a week of class study will profit little unless supplemented by study in the home. To this end:

1. The superintendent should review every lesson at its close by questioning the scholars upon the chief points of study. The questions should be addressed to individual scholars, and not answered in concert by class or school.

2. The teacher should assign a week in advance to every scholar something to learn or to do in connection with next Sunday's lesson, some simple and easy requirement. He should then take time to see if the work has been done.

3. The teacher should also keep record of the good and bad lessons of each scholar during the quarter; and the school, by some fixed standard and system, should publicly honor all who study at home and come with lessons prepared.

4. The superintendent (together with the pastor), should urge upon the parents the need and value of the scholar's home study and the use of the Sunday-school lesson in family worship, etc.

5. The quarterly review should be given invariable place and importance as a true and proper test of whether the scholars are really learning and retaining a knowledge of God's Word. The entire school should be used as one class, and the ground of the quarter's lessons covered once a quarter by judicious questioning.—Sunday-school Magazine.

Here's Something That You Can Do to Help the Temperance Cause.

It would be well if several copies of 'In His Steps' were in circulation in every Church, Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League, Temperance Organization, and Young Men's Christian Association throughout the country. The book is of vital interest just now, and of more than common interest as a story at any time. Almost anyone could secure a dozen copies or so free as the result of an afternoon's visiting. Will you have the honor of circulating these books in your church or society? If you have not time, suggest it to some one else. The little folks could help.

The 'Witness' depends Upon the Temperance People and They Depend Upon the 'Witness.'

If you will induce a neighbor who does not now take the 'Witness,' to send us, through you, $1 for the 'Weekly Witness' for one year, we will send you one copy of 'In His Steps' and one copy to the new subscriber.

Or you may send us $3.00 for a yearly subscription to the 'Daily Witness,' to a new address, and we will send to any address six copies, postpaid, of 'In His Steps,' for distribution among the members of church, society or school, as suggested below

25 cents secures a sample copy of 'In His Steps,' and samples of all our publications and subscriptions blanks, etc.

The Men's Own Choice.

There is a very flourishing organization in Montreal known as 'The Men's Own.' It meets every Sunday afternoon, and has an attendance ranging at about two hundred and fifty men.

The organization runs what they call a book scheme, which consists chiefly of paying in a small amount weekly, and obtaining at the end of each quarter the choice of a book. The books are selected from a catalogue of 1,500 volumes, all of excellent value and character, and are imported specially for the organization.

It is, however, pleasing to note that since the 'Witness' offered them the Bagster Bible, a short while ago, over half of the entire membership, after examination, have already selected it above all other bibles or books on this catalogue. This remarkable rush for these bibles speaks well for the members of 'The Men's Own,' and also for the Bagster Bible that the 'Witness' offers.

There are a good many other bibles being offered as premiums, but for the parlor table, for use at family worship, for the grandfather or grandmother, for the Sunday-school superintendent or the Sunday-school teacher's desk, we have seen nothing to approach the book we are now offering. It has beautiful clear type, bound in solid pebbled limp leather covers, with round corners, Divinity Circuit, red under gold edges, and sewed with silk. In a word, everything has been done to secure a really fine appearance with durability. Moreover, the numerous 'Helps to Bible Study,' including a splendid concordance, index to names and places, and thirteen colored maps, and a number of illustrations, will be greatly appreciated by everyone, because they are so much more complete than those bound with most bibles. Indeed, if the bible is not up to your expectations when you get it, you may return it, and we will send you any of our other premiums of equal money value. But there is nothing we offer that we are so certain will give entire satisfaction as this bible. Don't mix it up with our last year's bibles, which were smaller, and which are still being offered as premiums by other publications. Though the descriptions are much alike, there are several important advantages besides the difference in size in favor of the bible we are now offering.

Daily Witness and Bible Offers.

For $3.75 we will send the 'Daily Witness' for one year and the large size Bagster Bible postpaid.

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For $2.25 we will renew your own subscription to the 'Weekly,' and send you the large Bagster Bible, postpaid.

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To Those Who Intend to Secure Us Subscriptions:

$1.50 will secure a sample copy of this Magnificent Bible, together with samples of all our publications and subscription blanks, etc. The Bible is sold in the stores for much more than this, so you will get your money's worth, and find it a great help in canvassing among your friends.

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The Daily Witness One Year average fourteen pages daily.
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Those sending in this amount may send within one month one or two other clubs paying simply the difference between $4.35 and $8 or $11, as the case may be. If you have this fine bible and the other samples it will be an easy matter to get them to *subscribe too.*

Two such clubs at $4.00 each,=$ 8.00.
Three such clubs at $3.33 each,=$10.00.

The Weekly Witness One Year average twenty pages weekly.
The Northern Messenger twelve pages weekly.
The Bagster Bible.
In His Steps.

To the same or to different addresses,

$2.50.

Those sending in this amount may send within one month one or two other clubs paying simply the difference between $2.50 and $4.60 or $6.45, as the case may be. If you have this fine Bible and the other samples it will be an easy matter to get them to *subscribe too.*

Two such clubs at $2.30 each,=$4.60.
Three such clubs at $2.15 each,=$6.45.

Northfield Summer Conferences.

UNDER THE PERSONAL DIRECTION OF EVANGELIST D. L. MOODY.

World's Student Conference, July 1 to 10, 1898.—Address D. A. Davy, 3 West Twenty-ninth street, New York city.

Y. W. C. A. Conference, July 13 to 22, 1898.—Address, Miss Carrie B. Wilson, 126 State street, Chicago.

General Conference of Christian Workers, July 29 to August 18, 1898.—Address A. G. Mcody, East Northfield, Mass.

Y. M. C. A. Encampment, June 30, to September 1, 1898.—Address A. G. Moody, Camp Northfield, East Northfield, Mass.

Special Bible Lectures will be given by prominent Bible students between the Young Women's and General Conferences and after the formal close of the latter. Address A. G. Moody.

The question is constantly asked if only students and men are invited to attend the World's Student Conference, and if only women can attend the Young Women's Conference. Let me say to the public that we have in a town of about 1,800 inhabitants, a hall which will seat 2,500 people, and all through the month of July and August, including the time of these two conferences, there are meetings held in this hall and on Round Top, to which all are cordially invited.

There are many boarding-houses in the place where board can be obtained at from one dollar to five dollars per day. Or, if preferred, people may occupy tents and board themselves at less than five dollars per week. While the soldiers gladly stay in tents week after week for their country's sake, why should not the children of the King rejoice at the opportunity to tent for a few weeks for the blessings they will receive at these Northfield Conferences?

D. L. MOODY.

A Good Influence.

A lady in Maxwell, Ontario, writes concerning the 'Northern Messenger,' as follows:—

'Some time ago I met a religious young man, who told me he took the 'Messenger' when he was a boy, and it kept him from bad company and helped him to enter the path to heaven. No doubt many others can say the same.'

Patriotic Song Competition.

The 'Witness' Patriotic Song Competition is attracting widespread attention, entries having been received not only from Canada but from the United States, England and South Africa. The competition is open to all. A hundred dollars in prizes is offered. Entries must not be mailed later than Aug. 1. Lord Dufferin has consented to act as final judge.

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